

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cotter.*



AT FARMER WILSON'S.

WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DISTRESSED DAMSEL AND HER KNIGHT-ERRANT.

How long the involuntary eavesdropper remained in concealment after the conversation ended as described in the last chapter he never exactly knew, for strange thoughts and feelings rushed unbidden into his mind and made him oblivious to the flight of time. From

these meditations, whatever their import, he was presently roused by distant shouts which proclaimed that the cricket-match in the meadow was concluded, and that the players, with the spectators, were returning to the lawn.

Not caring to be missed at the breaking up of the party, Tincroft roused himself from his lair and prepared to leave the grotto. And then he was surprised to find how rapidly the shades of evening had drawn on, so that even the entrance chamber, which

opened upon the lawn, was in semi-darkness. It was not so wrapped in gloom, however, but that while rapidly passing through it his steps were suddenly arrested by what at first appeared to be a bundle of white clothes in an angle close to the doorway. In another moment he had made a further discovery, which turned back his thoughts to the conversation he had overheard, and quickened the current of blood in his veins. In yet another moment he was clumsily but anxiously endeavouring to raise the insensible form of the poor girl from whose lips had broken the low wail of distress which had just now fallen so sorrowfully on his ear.

Succeeding at last in his endeavours to raise the young person, and to place her in a reclining position, John looked around him for help. It was plain that she had fainted, and it was necessary that some means should be adopted for her restoration. But there was no help at hand: the grotto was, as we have said, in a distant as well as secluded part of the pleasure-grounds; and the company were, as Tincroft knew, now gathering together into the hall of the Manor House for the parting cup and their host's hearty farewell.

There was no one near the grotto, therefore, and had there been, John Tincroft would, naturally enough, considering his inbred shyness, have shrunk from exposing himself to probable jokes, if not to unjust suspicion, by his merely accidental proximity to, and discovery of the fainting damsel.

Driven, then, to his own unaided resources, John bethought him of untying the bonnet strings, which evidently impeded the free circulation of blood in the swollen veins. So far, good. Then the clumsy fingers, trembling a little at their unaccustomed task, loosened a gay kerchief which was fastened round the unconscious girl's neck with a gaudy brooch. These operations seemed to give some little relief, for a gentle sigh was heard; still the eyes remained half-closed, and there was no further sign of returning animation.

"What shall I do next?" muttered John, in perplexity. "I have heard that cutting the stay-laces—but that will never do. Ah! I have it," he said, as a sudden thought seized him, and in less time than it takes to tell, he had dived under the low archway into the cool retreat, and as speedily reappeared, bearing in his hand a half-tumbler of the precious hoard from Richard Grigson's locker. Filling it up with cold water, he moistened the lips of the poor girl with the liquid, and then, by slow degrees, insinuated the edge of the tumbler between them, himself trembling the while still more violently, as though he were perpetrating an awful crime.

"If Tom or anybody were to find me at this sort of work, I should never hear the last of it," he murmured. But for all his craven fears, he did not desist in his endeavours till a half-choking, gurgling sound in the poor girl's throat warned him that it was time to withdraw the tumbler from her lips, and to devise some other method, if he could, for calling back the lost senses. Happily for the clumsy nurse, before he could proceed to further extremities, the damsel began to breathe more freely; then the closed eyes opened, and finally an outbreak of hysterical cries and a flood of tears proclaimed that the long fainting fit was over.

"Oh, where am I? What has been happening?" asked Sarah, wildly, when she found herself half-re-

clining against the wall of the hermitage and half-supported by the arm of a stranger.

John Tincroft briefly explained that he had accidentally found her on the floor of the grotto, and in what state; and that he had, as far as lay in his power, enacted the part of the Good Samaritan. He did not think it necessary to add that he had heard the previous conversation of the two cousins.

It was very kind of him, then, the maiden said, and she was afraid she had given him a great deal of trouble.

"A great pleasure to be of any use to you, I am sure," stammered John, scarcely knowing what he said, and whether he ought not now to draw in the arm and shoulder against which the patient was yet leaning.

She saved him the trouble by staggering in a frightened way to her feet, and adjusting her bonnet strings, and then by making an effort to step into the outer air. It was beyond her strength, however, and she sank back on to the bench from which she had before risen, once more crying violently. Again John was at his wits' ends; but as his remedy had previously been successful, there was nothing better to do, he thought, than to replenish the tumbler.

"You had better drink a little of this," said he, once more by her side. The damsel obeyed. "And then, when you are able to walk, I will— You don't live far from here, I suppose?" continued John, as he stood watching her.

By this time the restorative had produced its effect, and the rustic beauty's colour had partially returned to her cheeks.

"I live at High Beech Farm," said she; "and it is time I was there. My father and mother went home long ago, and—oh dear!" She was once more on her feet, and anxiously looking out at the darkening landscape.

"It is a fine evening," said John; "and I'll—yes, if you will accept my help, I'll walk home with you. You are not well enough to be by yourself. You might have another fit on the road, you know. You must take my arm, and I'll see you safe, miss."

CHAPTER IX.—THE MAELSTROM.

IN some part of the world, no matter where, is said to be a terrible whirlpool, which engulfs all sea-going craft which come within its influence. At certain states of the tide, we are told, this whirlpool is no whirlpool, but a tranquil though deceitful sea. Gradually, however, as the tide changes, the waves rise high, their circular movement commences, and woe then to the stoutest ship ever built, if driven by the winds, or lucklessly steered near the outer circumference of its vortex. Once within the fatal attraction, it is inevitably absorbed and carried down, and beaten to pieces against the rocks below.

Something like this is sometimes known to happen in the experiences of poor humanity. Not exactly, for no man is driven by irresistible force, despite his own will, to inevitable destruction, nor even into folly. However, as neither figures, similes, nor parables ever run upon all fours, nor ever will, it is enough to say that there is a maelstrom of the passions in human life which does often draw the unthinking or unresisting mariner out of his course, and sometimes woe-fully shatters his bark. Happy are they who have wisdom to avoid even the appearance of evil. Happiest of all when they have Divine grace given them

in all their ways to acknowledge Him who is the source of wisdom, and to seek His direction and pilotage.

There were no more Oriental studies for John Tincroft now, or at most, they were few and far between, unless indeed he cultivated them in his walks between the Manor House and High Beech Farm. Of course he had walked home on the evening of the picnic with the distressed damsel whom he had taken under his protection. "What else, as a gentleman, could I do?" said the clumsy fellow, when afterwards rallied by his host and his college friend on the adventures of that night, which he was, sorely against his will, compelled partly to recount, to account for his late return. He did not think it necessary, however, to tell how the maiden had, innocently enough—have I not said that Sarah was not gifted with superfluous intellect and strength of mind, and was as little of a heroine as was ever to be found in a true story or out of it?—so she had innocently enough, in that slow and faltering walk to High Beech Farm, disclosed to John the immediate cause of her fainting fit. Not that John had not in part known it before; but his indignation was roused against the poor girl's persecutors (as she deemed them), all and sundry, as they reached his ear through the medium of her soft and plaintive voice. Ah! John Tincroft, you are on the margin of the maelstrom now; but you do not know it.

Of course, when they reached the farmhouse, John was hesitatingly invited to step in and rest himself, which he did not do, however, for which Sarah was thankful, perhaps, when she found her father in one of his fits of drunken ill-humour, and ready to quarrel with anybody who came in his way. After this invitation, however, it seemed the more incumbent on the awkward youth, who had the instincts of a gentleman for all that, to step over the next morning to ask after the health and welfare of his over-night's "partner."

As the fates would have it—the expression is no doubt heathenish, as there are no such things or principles as the fates—as accident, then—and this is almost as bad, but let it pass—accidentally, then, Mark Wilson was within, and (a rare thing for him) happened to be in a good humour. He made "the gentleman from college" welcome, took him over his small farm, insisted on his staying to lunch, treated him to some home-brewed, which John thought execrable, but did not say so; and finally invited him to come again as often as it pleased him.

After that it did please John Tincroft to repeat his visits every day. Sometimes he found Mark in the sulks, and sometimes he did not. Occasionally he noticed a peculiar thickness and hesitancy in the farmer's speech (which he attributed to a severe cold in his head and throat, and John believed it); and then, on the next occasion, he seemed to have recovered from the distressing complaint. Sometimes John—the infatuated youth—found Sarah deep in domestic duties, which never, however, prevented his obtaining a glimpse of her pretty face, and her pretty hands, which, if they were floury and pasty, he admired all the more for having been usefully employed. Sometimes he found the maiden free and at liberty to receive him in the little shabbily furnished parlour, where, seated on a high-backed, slippery-seated mahogany, horsehaired chair, he could equally admire those pretty fingers, armed with a darning-needle and worried thread, working in and out, in

the intricacies of a stocking-web. At these times our hero, who was as little guilty of being a hero as the silently admired one was of the slightest approach to a heroine, enacted to perfection the part of the Laird of Dumbiedykes (if my readers have ever heard of such a personage, which I much doubt). Who can doubt, though, that the maelstrom current was getting powerful now?

"And, oh Walter," wrote Sarah Wilson to her distant cousin and lover (I must correct the bad spelling and false English)—"oh Walter, there is such a funny man comes hanging about here. His name is Tincroft, and he came to these parts with young Mr. Grigson from Oxford College, and he is up at the Manor House for all the long holidays. That isn't what they call it, though. I forget what the word is, but that's what it means. And father has taken a fancy to Mr. Tincroft, and brings him here every day, and sometimes twice a day, and *more than that*. And he takes him over the farm, and brings him in to lunch very often, and tea sometimes, and you cannot think what a stupid he is, though he is a college gentleman; and they say he is going over to India soon to hunt tigers. He hunt tigers, too! I should say he has never hunted a fox yet, nor yet a rat. You should only see him—Mr. Tincroft, I mean—when he comes in, and stops an hour, and sometimes more, and father isn't in the way, and poor mother is lying down, as you know she always does in the afternoon, and there's nobody but me to keep him company. You would laugh to see how he sits and stares, and looks as if he couldn't say Boo to a goose, and is ready to go into fits with our hard-bottomed chairs—I always put the hardest, knobbyest for him, dear—but he seems as if he was stuck to it with glue. You can't think what a donkey he is. But he is to be a rich man some day—so father says *he* says—if he can get an estate as rightfully belongs to him, only it is locked up in some London law-courts now.

"But what does this all matter to you and me, Walter dear? Only I sometimes wish we had such a chance of an estate; wouldn't we etc., etc., etc."

And then the letter went on in this wise:—"We don't get on any better at home, Walter. You know what father is: and poor mother gets weaker and weaker, I think. And as to the farm, it's all going to rack and ruin. Mr. Grigson came in the other day, and had high words with father about it. He said he wouldn't stand having his land kept down in such a ruination state, and that if father wouldn't farm it better, somebody else must be got to do it. And what's worse than this, he said—the squire, I mean—that he must and will have his rent paid up punctual, or he shall distrain. Now I know there has been no rent paid the last year and a half. And what is worse still, I know that father can't pay it. And the squire says that if it isn't paid up by Christmas there shall be an end of it. Oh, Walter, what are we to do?"

Then the letter further went on:—"I have not seen much of Uncle Matthew, and aunt, and cousin lately, and don't want to. I know they are doing all they can to set you against me. And it is too bad of them, Elizabeth and all; but they shan't do it, they shan't—"

I shall spare my readers what follows. There are hundreds of such letters written every day, and will be so long as pen, ink, and paper are to be had for love or money.

CHAPTER X.—MR. RUBRIC.

Is it travelling out of the regular course of ordinary story-telling to say that Walter Wilson was not altogether pleased with the letter I have just transcribed when he received it? Lovers are naturally suspicious; and Walter did not half like the idea of a young college-man from Oxford being always dangling about, and having the range of his own special preserve, as he might have said. Perhaps he was none the less displeased with the contents of the letter for its referring, in a postscript, to a certain Mary Burgess already mentioned; and in a tone of jealousy too, which the writer had not cared to suppress.

"Sarah knows very well that Mary Burgess is nothing to me," said he bitterly to himself. "But while she keeps house for Ralph, how can I help being sometimes in her company? It is different with her and that puppy Tincroft," he added; "and I am half a mind to write and tell her so."

It would, upon the whole, have been better for Sarah to have left out that postscript, and to have filled up her sheet of letter-paper by telling how she first became acquainted with the shy and awkward collegian. At least, as it afterwards turned out, she laid herself open to additional suspicion by this reticence. We pass this matter by for the present, however.

No doubt the other part of Sarah's letter, as I have transcribed it—the part, I mean, referring to her troubles and apprehensions—in some degree moved her cousin's sorrow and pity. But he had heard these or similar complaints so often, and he knew so well that the inevitable end could not be very much longer staved off, that they did not produce so much effect upon him as might otherwise have been expected. If eels get so used to skinning that they do not much mind it—which probably would be the case if the operation could be repeated on the same individual eel—it is equally certain that, after a time, we become accustomed to wails of distress from our friends when often reiterated.

To return to the main branch of our narrative. John Tincroft knew nothing of the commotion he, in his innocence, was causing, and was equally insensible to the fact that the whirlpool beneath his frail bark of human nature was increasing in velocity and deepening. He felt no alarm, therefore, but, contrariwise, rather enjoyed the new sensations springing up within him by the novel quickening of his dull capacity for pleasure, accompanied as this was by his laying aside his abstruse researches into Oriental literature. As to those new sensations, he could not have given them a name if he had tried.

To be sure, his friends at the Manor House had given them a name in their daily quizzical, good-natured badinage concerning John's change of habits. But then, as John remarked, it was too preposterous and absurd. As to Tom Grigson, he was always fond of his jokes; and his elder brother did not seem to be far behind him in this respect.

The matter looked more serious, though, when one day about a month after the picnic, John Tincroft, either accidentally or designedly on one part, fell in with the clergyman of whom previous mention has been made. John was returning from one of his morning walks to High Beech Farm when the rencontre took place.

"You are fond of taking exercise, Mr. Tincroft," observed the reverend gentleman.

"I don't know; not particularly, I think, Mr. Rubric," said John, with his accustomed innocent awkwardness. "At least," added he, "not till lately. I have taken more exercise of late, I think."

"And a very good thing too, if taken discreetly. You Oxford men are not always good judges, though, of how and when and where to take it. Do you think you are?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said John; "but I—I don't quite understand you."

"No! May I give you a hint, then, without offence? I am an older man than you, Mr. Tincroft," remarked Mr. Rubric, gravely but good-humouredly.

"I shall be happy, I am sure, and obliged also," answered Tincroft.

"Thank you; then I'll speak. You are coming from High Beech, I see."

"True, sir; yes, I am," said John.

"Don't you think it would be wise occasionally to vary the direction? There are more points of the compass than one."

"I have not thought about it, Mr. Rubric," said John.

"I dare say not. I thought as much, Mr. Tincroft. But will you allow me to suggest that we have some delightful scenery in quite the opposite direction. The One-tree Hill, for instance. Why, you can see seven counties from the summit of that hill—on a fine day, at least."

"Dear me! I wasn't aware of that," said John.

"And another thing," continued the parson; "I should say that High Beech is—ahem—is, in some respects, unhealthy. I am afraid your constant excursions in that direction are not doing you any good."

"Oh!" said John, with a start, for he was rather fidgety about his health; "do you really think so? It has never struck me in that light. I fancied I was all the better for taking more exercise. I find I can get over the ground a good deal easier than I could a month ago. And I have a better appetite too. (So I am rather surprised to hear you speak of High Beech being unhealthy.)"

"I must speak out," thought Mr. Rubric to himself. "What a nuisance it is to have to do with men who can't understand metaphors." He did not say this, of course, but went on another tack.

"Mr. Tincroft," said he, "when I was at Oxford, and that is forty years ago, I had a young friend in the same college—I should rather say, hall. I am a Pembroke Hall man. Well, we were very close companions, and I believe we had a strong regard for each other. There came a time, however, when our friendship was to be broken in twain. It came about in this wise. We used to take long walks together, and a favourite walk of ours was to the Hinkseys. You know the Hinkseys, Mr. Tincroft?"

Yes, John knew the Hinkseys, and said so.

"There was a snug little hostelry in one of the Hinkseys, and, as was natural enough in young men in those days, though not over-wise, when we were tired and hot with walking we sometimes called in at this village inn for refreshment. I dare say you have done such a thing yourself, now and then, Mr. Tincroft, in your walks round Oxford?"

"I—I can't say that I have, sir," said John, hesitatingly. "Not that I should think it improper," he added, by way of salvo for the grey-headed clergyman, "but the truth is, I don't often take walks round Oxford."

"Ah, that accounts—and—but, at any rate, we did, and, as I tell you, we got too fond of the walk to the Hinkseys, and to dropping in at the little inn. At least, my friend did."

"Ah, I see," remarked John Tincroft, who thought he did see, but he didn't. "Your poor friend got to be too fond of—of what you call refreshments. I am sorry, I am sure."

Mr. Rubric smiled sadly. "That would have been sad enough," he said; "but that was not the rock on which he split. Didn't I say there was a rock? At any rate, there was a pretty innocent-looking young person at that little inn, who officiated as barmaid. There—can you not guess the rest?"

No, John couldn't guess, so he declared.

"We quarrelled about that young person. I told my friend he was going wrong; and we had high words and parted. Poor Frank! He was a high-spirited, noble fellow, and in one way I wronged him. But he did a foolish thing, for all that. He went again and again. He meant to be honourable, he said; and so he was, to the backbone. He made love to the maiden, and after years and years of waiting, he married her. It was a love match from beginning to end."

"I dare say they were happy, though," said John, dreamily, "and if they were—"

"But they were not. They were ill-assorted, to begin with. Then all Frank's prospects for life were blasted; and, in short, the affair ended miserably. And now, Mr. Tincroft," added the rector, after a short silence, "you must excuse the freedom I have taken in mentioning this old and not very uncommon story to you."

"Oh, certainly, certainly. On the other hand, much obliged," said John; but all the time he couldn't help wondering why the rather precise old clergyman should have brought up this old story, and what in the world it had to do with the unhealthiness of High Beech. While pondering this in his slow mind, his thoughts were broken in upon with,—

"If I were you, Mr. Tincroft, I wouldn't go near Beech Farm again."

"Do you really mean on account of its being—"

"Of its being an unhealthy spot for you to ruralise in," said Mr Rubric, taking up the words. "You don't know what harm you may be doing," he added.

"Harm!"

"Yes, harm. You go there to see Miss Wilson—Sarah Wilson—do you not?"

"Dear me, sir! Not that I am aware of," replied John, aghast.

"Just so. But, for all that, I am afraid that young lady is the attraction. Now, listen to me. That young—young person is already engaged, as I suppose you are aware."

Yes, John was aware of the fact.

"And people about here are beginning to talk of your constant visits to the farm. You do not wish to do that young person an injury, I am sure."

"An injury to that young person! I beg your pardon, Mr. Rubric; but what could make you think of such a thing?"

"You are doing her an injury, *without intending it*," said the rector, gravely. And then he went on to tell (what John already knew) of Sarah Wilson's unhappy home, of her engagement with her cousin, and of the opposition to this engagement on the part of the young man's friends. He also told (what

John did not know) of the actual insolvency and prospective ruin of Mark Wilson. "Nothing can save him," continued Mr. Rubric; "his unhappy vice has dragged him down and will sink him still lower; and his wife too,—for they are almost both alike. But the daughter may be saved, though it is the strong arm of a husband must do this. And, Mr. Tincroft, you cannot be that husband."

"No sir, no, no, no; of course not," exclaimed John, turning hot, as the plain speaking of the rector opened a way into his dull comprehension. "Of course not," said he, nervously.

"Quite right, Mr. Tincroft; and you understand me now, I am sure," said the parson. "And now if you are coming my way, and will step in with me—"

But John had other matters to think about.

THE MYSTERY OF RHYME.

No one has ever yet explained, very few have even thought of explaining, the secret involved in our title; and to the great majority of educated mankind it will be news that rhyme is any mystery at all. What more natural to the most barbarian ear than that easy jingle-jangle of sweet sounds? What mode of speech so antecedently certain to have been discovered by the human race from its very cradle? How clearly its origin must be looked for in the darkest depths of antiquity; and primeval specimens of those musical echoes so naturally enchanting to the ear must be found—how surely—in the earliest literature certainly of every civilised people, probably in the vernacular of even the most savage tribes. Rhyming must be as old as the hills, as natural as speech itself; the very sing-song talk of men, women, and children, since Eden onwards; it assuredly ought to be heard in the oldest traditions, read on the most venerable papyri, and embodied universally in the commonest literature of mankind. So, before inquiry, and without investigation, it is natural for us all in ignorance to fancy. But what are the facts?

Throughout antiquity, the notion never once seems to have occurred to any poet of intentional rhyming, of artfully matching words together in harmonious cadence of sweet sounds. They did truly approximate to the idea in the strophes and antistrophes of their choruses so far as "time" goes, but the addition of "tune" seems never to have been suggested. Except by clumsy accident, no rhyme occurs in any Hebrew, Greek, or Roman poet; Aristophanes may show a casual jingle—there is one in the opening chorus of Sophocles' Ajax—Horace begins an ode announcing his own immortality with the indifferent jingle of "altius" and "perennius,"—Ovid may have an accidental instance; and verbal echoes are possible to be discovered in some poetical portions of the Psalms and Prophets. But these are all evidently unintended, inartistic, and, in fact, they only damage by their careless presence the otherwise perfection of the antique ear for plain and unsophisticated rhythm.

Nowhere in all the classics can be detected an ode or a chorus or even an epigram in rhyme. Catullus has not sung to Lestia otherwise than in rhythm; Martial hits nobody with a stinging rhyme; Virgil may be musical; Homer, graphic; Anacreon, witty; Sappho, passionate; Theocritus, pastorally sweet;

Horace, gracefully ingenious; Ovid, tenderly melodious; but in no instance does any one of those ancient masters of poetry indulge us and themselves with rhymed endings to their rhythmized thoughts. It is a mystery and a marvel that the happy discovery should have escaped them; and that, in some instances, at least, such as the war-song of a Tyrtæus, or the love-song of a Tibullus, the stirring recurrence of rhyme should not perforce have been attached to the pleasing modulation of rhythm. It could not be that the ancients intentionally eschewed rhymed words as sing-song; for they accidentally drop upon them unawares, as hinted above, and this increases the marvel, seeing that human keenness everywhere else soon takes advantage of an accident and improves it into an invention. Think what credit any poet would have got with Nero or with Cleopatra who had found out "the new pleasure," how to wed rhymed words with rhythmic sounds upon his lyre; consider how probable would be the semi-extinction of the commoner and more prosy ode, if it then ventured to compete with the cadenced poem. Truly, in all classicism no one could have thought of our modern art of rhyming, or he would never have failed to have adopted it. And if the ancient classics show no instance of a rhyming poet, have we any reason to think that modern barbaries—Australians, Maoris, Papuans, or Red Indians—through the long lapse of ages have even to this day produced one? Nothing of the sort appears in their speeches, choruses, or monotonous incantations with the tom-tom so far as we have ever heard or read. Even in old England, our Anglo-Saxon poets never truly rhymed; all was short staccato rhythm: the earliest proverbs are simply shrewd sayings in terse prose; the war-songs of savages, so far as travellers have testified, have no rhyming to adorn them; and in the earliest poems of all nations this very simple art of rhyme, whereat nowadays men, women, and even children are proved adepts, would appear to have never once been thought of. Is there then no "mystery in rhyme"? Surely, in many ways a very deep one, and all but inexplicable. For, next, consider another fact. The moment rhyme seems to have been discovered (perhaps by some nameless mediæval monk) its popularity spread immediately and suddenly, like a flame over sun-dried prairies. Latin hymns, deliciously musical and captivating in their quick-recurrent rhymes, flew over the earth as on angel's wings, and still delight us with their wondrous melody. Our classical Gladstone emulates them to this hour; witness his rhymed Latinity of "Rock of Ages." The "Dies iræ, dies illa," and the sapphic "Nocte surgentes," with many other exquisite religious lyricals, are familiar to us all. Even the canine-Latin verses of those not very creditable moralists, Muretus and Salerna, have a charm in sound if not in sense from their redundant musicality of rhyme, though they will persist to give it to us doubly, both midway and at the end of their hexameters and pentameters; barbarous as the language may be, and sometimes unseemly the allusions, there is a liveliness given to old measures by new melodies. Dactyls and spondees are quickened into a novel pleasantness by the addition of quick-recurrent rhymes; and verily their use is both obvious and facile.

For indeed the very ease of rhyming in such regular languages as Greek and Latin, where each case and tense in every mood and declension must be rich in rhyming *ex vi termini*, makes it all the more

wonderful that what are popularly now called Leonine or Leonine songs and hymns were not earlier invented: so many "orums" and "arums," so many nouns and verbs exactly alike in all their terminology, would lead to the false inference that grammar and rhyming must have had a well-nigh synchronous birth; whereas the facts are far otherwise. Poets sang (if we take our Usher era since Adam) for nearly five thousand years before rhymes were born or thought of. When rhyme actually did begin, we cannot now clearly ascertain; possibly it is a child of the East; but it emerged into notice publicly westwards about the eleventh century—and commencing probably in some convent through an unrecorded musical and cowed Columbus of the art, it sped so rapidly over all the west of Europe that no one can be sure whether or not the more gay and laic troubadour (well enough disposed to claim the invention) was not rather its discoverer than, as aforesaid, the, to our mind, likelier monk. Anyhow, it was at once appropriated by Holy Church, and wedded forthwith to Gregorian music; and so it has come down to our day, where its most ingenious professors may fairly be named in Barham, Hook, Hood, and Browning: let the Ingoldsby Legends, John Bull Ballads, Miss Kilmansegg, and the Grammarian's Funeral, bear due witness.

The "mystery of rhyme" involves, moreover, the curious delicacy of popular ear-fascination, which varies much, according to climate and people; for instance, the indolent easiness of French poetry permits gladly the exact sounds and identical orthographies which our own finer sense of poetic harmony eschews; they rhyme precise syllables, whereas we insist only on similar ones; instead of uniformity, we aim at similarity. Examples of this remark may be found *passim* by any one who takes the trouble to compare a French and English handbook of poetry. Some nations also manage a quasi-rhyme by vowels and accents; as, indeed, our own Alfred's Boethian poems well illustrate in the Anglo-Saxon. Some almost solely by consonants; which (with exceptions) is our own rule. What we aim at in rhyming is to please the hearer's self-complacency by gratifying his expectations, or to secure his admiration by some witty or artful turn to win it; but what we do not aim at, nor could he acquiesce in, is the far too facile French method of sameness in the refrain, nor the namby-pamby too accurate English kind of merely counted syllables; we want indeed an echo, but one not too perfect from the beginning.

As to the actual inventor of rhyme, that must now, as aforesaid, for ever rest a mystery; monastic names are mentioned, and also some Troubadours; we cannot "compose these strifes;" let it suffice for to-day if it has been demonstrated that among the many things mysterious here below, in a literary point of view, one mystery, not altogether least, is the comparatively new invention of that now universal talent—the art of rhyming.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

CURLING.

CURLING is one of the favourite national pastimes of Scotland. Considerable obscurity hangs over the origin of the game. Some contend that it is purely Scottish, others that it has been imported from abroad. It is certain that the amusement is not

known to have been practised until within a comparatively recent period anywhere out of Scotland, and further, that the old curling stones which have been preserved or discovered indicate a mode of play so very rude and primitive as greatly to favour the notion of its indigenous origin. On the other hand, etymology favours the idea that the Continent was its original home.

Curling is derived from the German *Kurzweilen*, to play, according to some, and the terms *spiel*, *bonspiel*, and others connected with the pastime, unintelligible to English ears, but which form a familiar nomenclature in the northern part of the island, point more especially to the Low Countries as the birthplace of the game. It is, on the whole, most probable that this winter sport owes its introduction into this country to the Flemish emigrants about the end of the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. There is an incidental reference to the game in a book published in Scotland in the year 1607; and the frequent allusions after this date in the writings of Scottish poets and historians show it to have been generally practised south of the Forth.

Pennant, who made his celebrated tour through Scotland in 1771, thus speaks of the game: "Of all the sports in these parts, that of curling is the favourite. It is an amusement of the winter, and played upon the ice by sliding from one mark to another great stones of forty to seventy pounds weight, of a hemispherical form, with a wooden or iron handle at the top. The object of the player is to lay his stone as near the mark as possible, to guard that of his partner, which has been well laid before, or to strike off that of his antagonist." This is so far not an incorrect description of the popular Scottish sport as it must have presented itself to the observant eye of the wandering Welsh naturalist one hundred years ago. In a little work published in 1811 by a member of the Duddingston Curling Society, we find the following account of the game at that date: "Curling has never been universal in Scotland. It is estimated even now that about a million of the inhabitants never heard of it. In some places where it once was it is now no more, while in others it is flourishing as much as ever it did. Edinburgh, where curlers are collected from all quarters, may be called its principal seat. There, so great was its repute towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, that the magistrates are said to have gone to the play and returned from it with a band before them, discoursing music suitable to the occasion. Of late, under the auspices of the Duddingston Curling Society, a new spirit has been infused into the game. The South and West of Scotland have long been distinguished for dexterity in the art. Numerous local or parochial curling societies now exist in full operation, all indicating that the game is fast rising to a degree of popularity and vigour hitherto unexampled in its history."

The progress of curling in Scotland since 1811 has been very marked. Still, in many of the more purely Highland districts it is even to this day almost as unknown as it is in England. Indeed, to a comparatively recent period the great bulk of the Scottish curlers were to be found south of the Forth. The Royal Caledonian Curling Club, which was established in 1838, has done much to extend the game northwards, and now we believe there are few parishes, except, of course, in the Highlands, without a society of curlers.

Before the Reformation, curling was generally

practised on Sundays, and in former and more feudal times, when the nobility were principally resident on their estates, it was customary for one baron and his tenantry to challenge another. Year after year the friendly feud was waged on the icy board with somewhat of the ancient hereditary keenness. Now, however, in these days, it is parish *versus* parish, or district *versus* district. The grand contest of the season is when the picked curlers south of the Forth engage their northern brethren. So far as these great encounters have come off, victory has generally, if not uniformly, attended the southern curlers.

In Dumfriesshire, long famous, like the neighbouring county of Ayr, for its devotion to curling, a *bonspiel* of much general interest was played on the Castle Loch, at Lochmaben, last season, between the curlers of Nithsdale and those of Annandale. The superior play of the Nithsdale curlers secured for them a decided victory.

The local clubs associated with the Royal Caledonian Club, whose head-quarters are in Edinburgh, number between four and five hundred. Of these, according to a recent return, about a dozen are located in England, thirty-eight in Canada, and seven in the United States. Two, the London Scottish and the Crystal Palace Clubs, belong to London, the others, with two or three exceptions, are Scottish clubs. Many of the Scottish curlers, however, have no official connection with the Royal Club, and carry on their local or parish plays without professed adherence to its rules, or participation in the matches which it appoints.

The Royal Club has for its patron the Prince of Wales. Its president for 1870-71 was Lord Rollo. Its present president is the Earl of Morton. The Royal Club pond at Carsebreck, in Perthshire, is sixty acres in extent. There the grand matches are played. The Royal Club issues district medals to be competed for by its associated local clubs according to a settled rotation. Full particulars of these district matches are published in its "Annual," which contains also lists of the officers and initiated members of the local clubs. The eighth article of the general regulations is to the following effect:—"None but initiated members of associated clubs shall be present at the business meetings of the Royal Club, or at its convivial meetings, while *any curling ceremonies or mysteries are being practised*." Although the writer has thrown the stone and plied the broom in days of yore in the parish *bonspiels* of the North, he is not an initiated curler, and so does not profess to throw light upon the secret rites of the brotherhood.

There has recently been founded in the United States of America "The Grand National Curling Club." It has already held its fifth annual meeting, and it appears that there is every prospect of curling being rapidly extended in the States. The secretary of the St. Andrew's Club, New York, in writing to the secretary of the Royal Club, says: "I may report to you that the game of curling is rising in importance, and increasing in public favour; it is fast becoming nationalised, and what has formerly been peculiarly Scottish, is destined, like many other things, to be assimilated in the expanding taste for many games in this vast country of ours." In Canada the pastime is already firmly rooted. Prince Arthur, when in the colony a year or two since, distinguished himself as a successful curler.

It is a curious circumstance that curling has never

taken root in England. It will be found, we believe, that, with but rare exceptions, the English clubs are composed of Scotchmen who have crossed the Tweed. We have glanced over the membership of the two London clubs, and can find few traces of an English element in the list of surnames. It would be impossible to practise curling amid the multitude of skaters on the frozen waters of any of the London parks, unless a portion of the ice were fenced off for the purpose. The first essay of the game in London was made many years ago on the New River, but the crowd of spectators attracted by the novelty of the spectacle was so great that the ice threatened to give way, and the curlers were compelled to relinquish their amusement.

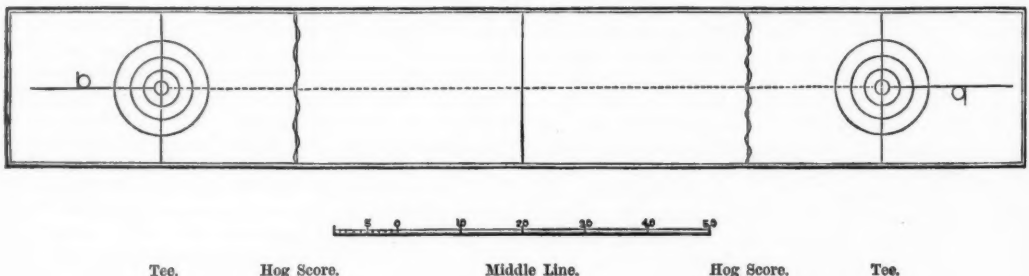
The stones used in curling are made of compact granite, and may be described as oblate spheroids—that is, circular in form, but flattened at top and bottom. The handle at the top is grasped in throwing the stone, and the finely polished bottom offers a minimum of resistance to its progress. Ailsa Craig, on the side next Girvan, produces excellent curling stones. In one year not fewer than 200 of the Ailsa Craig stones were exported to Canada. From the granite boulders scattered everywhere throughout the south of Scotland superior curling stones are made. At Ochiltree, in Ayrshire, they are now manufactured by machinery.

As the great bulk of our readers have probably somewhat vague notions respecting curling, we may here give a brief description of the rink on which the game is played, and the mode of playing. First of all, from the ample surface of the frozen loch the players select a smooth and unbiased portion of the icy board, on which is cut a diagram of the rink.

hand, it speeds along with a murmuring sound on its pathway up the rink. It is well played if it rests within the circles. The aim is to place the stone within the circles as near as possible to the tee. The player of the other side follows with a like aim, and so on alternately till the round is ended. The endeavour of each party is, of course, to lodge its stones near to the tee, to guard them from attack when so placed, and to strike away from the tee the antagonistic stones. The game, in fact, resolves itself into an anxious and exciting struggle, becoming more and more intricate as it proceeds, and calling forth all the resources of the curler's art, skill, caution, calculation, in all departments of playing, sweeping, and directing. At the end of the round, the stone—or, as it may happen, the stones—nearest the tee count as shots in favour of the fortunate party which has secured them. Victory belongs to the side which first obtains the requisite number of shots; or, in the case of playing by time, to the side which has gained the greater number in the period allotted for the play.

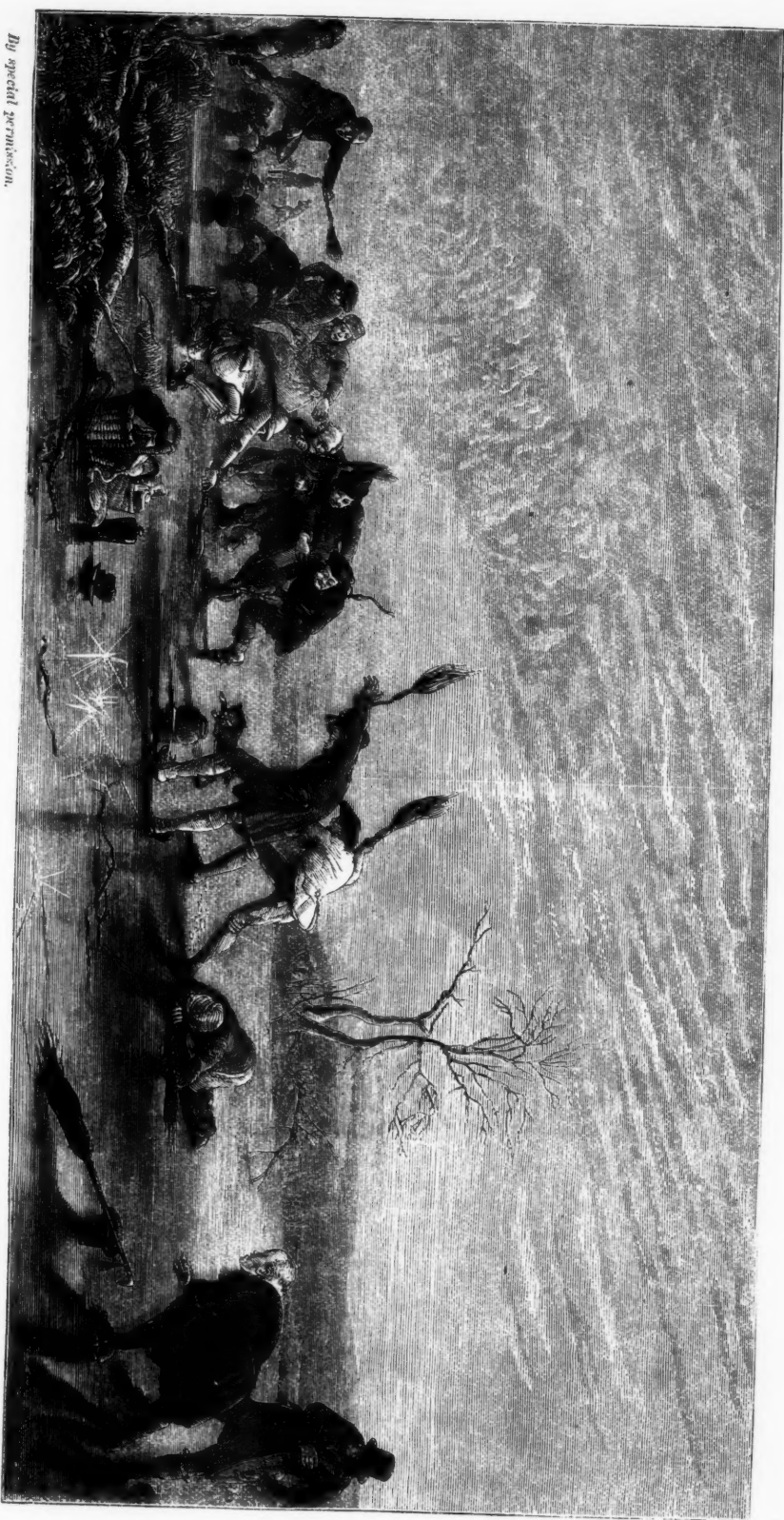
To give a correct notion of a game which in the severe winter season is practised on almost every loch and pond of lowland Scotland, we may further describe the uses of the lines and circles laid down in our diagram of the rink. The middle line marks the point where sweeping may begin. Each party is allowed to make a smooth clean pathway by plying their brooms before the running stone from the middle line to the tee. When a stone lacks force, the brooms, by removing every resisting particle of the icy *débris* or falling snow, carry it onwards and beyond the point where it would otherwise have stopped. If with all possible aid it fails to clear the

THE RINK.



Its entire length is forty-six yards, its breadth seven or eight. At either end, and thirty-eight yards apart, small round holes are neatly carved out to the depth of an inch or two. These are the *tees* or *witters*. Round each tee as a centre are described several circles, or rings, as they are termed, the largest of which has a radius of seven feet. Seven yards before each tee are placed the hog scores, and with a middle line, and lines drawn through the tees and the foot circles formed four yards behind these lines, the rink is ready for use. The players are ranged in sides of four—four against four. The director or head of each side is named the *skip*. Each player is provided with two curling stones, with trampits to secure his foothold when delivering his stones, and with the indispensable broom to sweep the ice. The game begins by the player taking his station by the foot circle, and playing his stone to the direction of his skip stationed at the opposite tee. Leaving his

hog score, it is removed from the rink, and becomes useless for the round. If its running power is unexhausted when it reaches the line which intersects the tee, at that point the opposite party have the right to sweep, and by dint of the well-plied broom the unfortunate stone is carried still farther away from its destined goal. No stone lying outside the larger circle can be counted as a shot. The smaller inner rings are designed to indicate at a glance to the directing skips the relative position of their respective stones to the tee, from which all measurements in cases of disputed priority are carefully made. The main points of the game of curling consist in drawing to the tee, guarding, removing the guard, direct striking, so as to remove the stone struck, striking by inwink so as to curl in to the tee and lie, or to remove the winner there placed; and striking by outwink, so as to drive the stone struck inward to the tee. When through a narrow port the



By special permission.

THE CURLEERS.

Sir George Harrey, President, R.S.A.

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winner is just seen, it is a fine stroke to remove it, and lie dead in its place. But to take the shot by direct drawing is perhaps the nicest point in the game. When the winner lies, say, six inches from the tee, and is so well guarded that it cannot be reached, a stone may be placed yet nearer to the tee by a dexterous draw. What nice calculation, what exact adjustment of hand to eye, of force to distance, is required for this! What careful use of the brooms!

"Low o'er the weighty stone
He bends incumbent, and with nicest eye
Surveys the farthest goal, and in his mind
Measures the distance, careful to bestow
Just force enough; then, balanced in his hand,
He flings it on direct; it glides away
Hoarse murmuring."

The absorption of heart and soul in curling is admirably conveyed by Sir George Harvey's well known picture of the "Curlers," a copy of which we have been permitted to lay before our readers. Any experienced curler, by a glance at the picture, may see how matters stand. It is evidently the crisis of the game. The two skips are engaged in playing their last stones. The aim of the curler who has just played, is to guard the winner of his side. If he can do so, he has as good as secured the shot—the final shot which gives victory. Hence the excitement and vociferations on the part of the players as they intently watch its progress up the rink. The stone runs fair to make the desiderated guard, but will it do so to the end? See how the opposing skip twists his body as if to deflect it from its straight onward course. He has still one stone to play. Grant that the guard fails but by two or three inches to cover the winner, he may yet snatch victory from his all but victorious antagonists. Such we conceive to be the crisis depicted by the spirited pencil of Harvey. But more fully to interpret the picture to our non-curling readers, we quote the following description by an anonymous writer:—

"The excitement of both players and spectators," says this writer, "becomes intense when a closely contested game draws near a close, when perhaps both sides have attained twenty, and are fighting at the last round for the decisive shot. It comes at length that the issue depends upon the play of the respective skips. The winner is well guarded, still an inch or two of it is seen. If it remains to the end, victory of course falls to the one side; if removed, it belongs to the rival party. The last player takes up his position, the last stone remains to be thrown, and that throw is charged alike with defeat and triumph, but to which party who yet can tell? The shadows of evening are beginning to fall upon the absorbed combatants, but the ice is cleared from the crowding and eager spectators to admit the last gleams of daylight through the rink. The veteran curler has adjusted himself on his trampets, steadily, deliberately he takes aim at the visible portion of the winner dimly descried through the opposing barrier of blockading stones in the distant perspective. The suspense begets a solemn silence. Delivered by the master hand of a hero of many fights, the stone speeds rapidly towards the mark; it brushes with the slightest possible touch the guards on the one side and the other, creating a smoke of granite particles; but rushing on, in an instant more it spins the winner out. Fast follows

the roar of applause from the excited spectators, and the shout of triumph from the victors."

The Scottish poet Grahame, the author of the "Sabbath," in the true spirit of a curler, has in the following lines described such a scene as that depicted by Harvey:—

"Keen, keener still, as life itself were staked,
Kindles the friendly strife: one points the line
To him, who poising, aims and aims again;
Another runs and sweeps where nothing lies.
Success alternately from side to side
Changes, and quick the hours unnoted fly,
Till light begins to fail, and deep below,
The player, as he stoops to lift his stone,
Sees, half incredulous, the rising moon.
But now the final, the decisive spell,
Begins; near and more near the sounding stones
Come winding in: some bearing straight along,
Crowd jostling all around the mark; while one
Just slightly touching. Victory depends
Upon the final aim; long swings the stone
Then with full force, careering furiously;
Rattling it strikes aside both friend and foe,
Maintains its course and takes the victor's place."

The graphic description of the prose writer, the animated verse of the poet, and the enthusiastic delineations of an artist truly Scottish in his genius and spirit, may help to convey some idea of the intense anxiety and absorption of mind with which the game of curling is prosecuted. It exercises besides a wonderful fascination over its devotees. Men of all ranks and ages are attracted by it. Not only the young and the matured manhood of the parish repair to the moorland loch equipped for the fray, but also—

"Aged men,
Smit with the eagerness of youth, are there;
While love of conquest lights their beamless eyes,
New nerves their arms, and makes them young once more."

Towards the close of the old, or the opening of the new year, the curler begins to look out for his sport. Frost in some seasons sets in as early as Christmas, and continues through the greater part of January. How anxiously the aspect of the sky and the direction of the wind are watched when the day has been fixed for some important *bonspiel*! And how gladly is the brisk keen frosty air of the eventful morning welcomed by the expectant combatants.

Three days' hard frost is required to fit the ice for playing. Artificial curling-ponds exist in some places, and have the advantage that they are free from bias; that a single night's frost fits them for use, while a fresh coating of ice may besides be secured each morning. These ponds, however, require considerable outlay to keep up, are necessarily of limited extent, and though excellent for private games, are unfit for the ordinary *bonspiels*, where considerable numbers are engaged.

Nothing can be more delightful than the curler's sport. During some of those calm days of severe winter weather, when the hills are snow-covered, and every leaflet and blade of grass is crisp to the footfall, when the sun perchance begins to look gladly through the clear bracing air, and to shed its gleaming warmth on the smooth mirror of the frozen loch, it is a joy to engage in the game of curling. The recollection of such days, with their memories of battle and victory, and perhaps the inspiration also of the festive gatherings when the play is over, has prompted many a local poet-curler to sing in honour of his loved pastime. Here are two stanzas from a curling song which may be taken as a speci-

men of a kind of literature unique in its kind, and now not inconsiderable in quantity:—

"Sing the glorious game o' curling,
Kingly winter sterc and snell
Flick'ring snaw drifts, wildly swurling,
Theeking upland, mead and dell.
Icebound loch, and dam, and basin,
Streamlets lushed wi' magic charm,
Nor'land breezes, biting, bracin',
Cheering heart and nerving arm.

"Up, my lads, the day is blinking
Ower auld 'Tintoc's' ruggit broo,
Ne'er a second ca', I'm thinking,
Needs a curler, keen and true.
Scoop the rings and rink, be ready,
And uphand the fame we've won;
To your post, my hearties, steady—
Broom! hurrah! the spiel's begun."

And so on, in the peculiar vocabulary of the curler, the strain proceeds, descriptive of the progress and fortunes of the slippery game.

There is extant a very admirable curling song from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, the author of the "Seasons," and the founder of savings banks. Sir Alexander Boswell, son of the biographer of Johnson, who was at once a facetious companion, an accomplished scholar, and an enthusiastic curler, wrote several curling songs. One of these was sung by him at the Duddingstone Society Meeting, in 1817, and contains allusions to Principal Baird, Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, Sir George Clerk, and other distinguished curlers of the society. A collection of curling songs was published so early as 1792 for the use of Canon Mills Club, and which certainly is the first collection of such literature. In the writings of Burns there are sundry allusions to curling, which indicate that he possessed a practical knowledge of the art. The Ettrick Shepherd was president of the Ettrick Curling Club; his song, "The Channel Stane," is a spirited lay in honour of the curler's sport.

No sport is so productive of sociality and good feeling as that of curling. It tends to knit class to class. All distinctions of rank and social position vanish before the all-absorbing interest of the game. On the icy field may be seen, either as spectators or eagerly engaged in the contest,—

"The tenant with his jolly laird,
The pastor with his flock."

Not a few of the Scottish nobility and gentry mingle in the play among the promiscuous body of curlers. The late Duke of Atholl and the late Lord Eglington, both presidents of the Royal Caledonian Club, were enthusiastic devotees of the stone and the broom.

It is interesting to watch how, in the eager struggle of this absorbing sport, the passion for conquest is tempered by mutual courtesy and friendliness—by a sense of high honour and perfect fairness. There is nothing demoralising in the practice of the good old Scottish game. The festive gatherings at which the curling songs used to be sung, might perhaps be charged at one time as tending to excess in drinking. The practice of playing for dinner of beef and greens—the curler's fare—is now, however, pretty well a thing of the past. All the matches of a prolonged frosty season are frequently played by local clubs without any accompanying festivity whatever. Curling is at once healthful and exhilarating. As a pastime of the day and the open sky, bracing in its

effects on mind and body, practised away from the enervating life of great cities, amid snow-capped solitary hills or moorland wastes, under the vigorous rule of King Frost, whose child it is, it deserves all success and encouragement. J. H.

DR. DÖLLINGER AND THE NEW PROTEST AGAINST ROME.

III.

It cannot but interest us to know what the representatives of German Protestantism think of the Alt-Katholiken. They are on the spot, and ought to be able to judge than we can be of the real strength of the movement, and the goal to which it is tending. A recent tour in Germany afforded us opportunities, of which we gladly availed ourselves, of hearing the views of leading Protestants on this subject. Among others, we waited on Professor von Ranke, the well-known author of "The History of the Popes," than whom there is no one better entitled, from long study of the general subject, to pronounce an opinion. We asked what he expected from the Alt-Catholic movement? His instant reply was, "I expect very little from it." On our inquiring the grounds of his conclusion, he entered fully into the question, explaining that the ground taken up by the Alt-Catholics was too narrow to sustain a great popular movement. Besides, he felt that the infallibility of the Pope was the logical landing-place of the Roman system. Dr. Döllinger had gone too far in admitting the infallibility of the bishops, or not far enough in not admitting also the infallibility of the Pope. The Alt-Catholics were attempting a middle position; they were not Papists, and yet they refused to become Protestants. They said, "We are German Catholics." "No," said Professor Ranke, "we, the Protestants, are the German Catholics, they are the Roman particulars. Not one bishop have they with them," continued Ranke, "and Rome cares little about professors. The whole of her machinery, whether of government or surveillance, is managed by bishops, and retaining them, her organisation is unbroken and complete, and will be worked for the infallibility."

The inconsistency which Professor Ranke pointed out as cleaving to the position of Dr. Döllinger in admitting the infallibility, but stopping short of its logical issue in the Church's head, we afterwards saw expressed, but in a satirical form, in one of the public prints. "I am quite convinced," Dr. Döllinger was made to say, "that twice two make five, but I will never permit myself to be persuaded that twice two make six."

We had also the privilege of hearing Dr. Hoffman, the court preacher and general superintendent of the German Protestant Church, state his views on the Alt-Catholic movement. The great meeting at Munich had not then been held, and it was not precisely known on what basis the movement would be rested; but Dr. Hoffman was clearly of opinion that if it should be rested on the Tridentine basis, matters would be worse than ever as respects an internal reformation of Romanism. On the canons of Trent did the Munich meeting, which assembled a few days later, place the movement; so here have we the strange spectacle of a church planted on a thoroughly Popish basis, yet adopting and prosecuting a line of action which has sundered her from

the great Mother Church at Rome, and which must take her further and further every day from the centre of Catholicism without bringing her into the Protestant orbit. Dr. Hoffman further laid stress upon the fact, of which he was well assured by those who had recently travelled over Bohemia, Moravia, and parts of Austria, that the populations of these countries were not prepared to join the movement. The masses shut in under Jesuit surveillance could not be reached. On this same ground Prince Bismarck's expectations from it, as Dr. Hoffman assured us, are not particularly high. He looked for greater things, as a popular movement, from the crusade which priest Anton was carrying on by his living voice in the Austrian provinces, than from the Döllinger movement, which, he feared, would spend itself among the learned.

We had the good fortune to travel in the same railway carriage from Dresden to Prague with Professor Vogel, of the theological faculty of Vienna. His opinion in brief was that the Döllinger movement had no future. Rome had spoken, and on their own principles the Alt-Catholics had no alternative but submission. The torpor and immobility of the Catholic populations it would be impossible, he feared, to overcome.

This *vis inertia* is one of the main bulwarks around the Church of Rome. We see, from time to time, a recalcitrant priest or monk rise up in that Church and call loudly for a reform. He makes a great noise, and we say, "What a powerful man! What a mighty movement he is inaugurating!" But we forget that all this noise is outside; that his voice is not heard within the Church; that there he speaks to a world of deaf men; and knowing this, Rome remains tranquil, and permits all this clamour to spend itself. The hour passes, and with it passes the man, and the dominion of the Church is still prolonged.

The competency of these men to form a judgment of the Alt-Catholic movement is undoubted—is pre-eminent. They have a close view of it. But distance in place, like distance in time, has, sometimes, its advantage; and this advantage we enjoy, and so we shall venture to judge for ourselves, and form our own opinion. Were we to view this movement as a mere ecclesiastical one, or judge of it as a simple doctrinal question, we would agree out and out with the eminent men whose opinions we have just stated. But other influences besides doctrinal ones are shaping this movement. Social and political elements have now largely entered into it, and viewing it in this complex character, we look for a longer life to it; and we hope to see it accomplish greater things, before running its course, than the distinguished men to whom we have referred have dared to believe.

Now, first of all, we fully admit with them, that Dr. Döllinger's position, as he himself has defined it, is illogical and inconsistent. "I stand on history," is his compendious and oft-repeated declaration; that is, "I try the infallibility decree of the Vatican Council by the canons and decrees of all previous councils, and I find it condemned by them, and so I reject it." But even this scarcely brings out the full force and import of Dr. Döllinger's words. His declaration is virtually tantamount to that of a Protestant who should say, "I stand on the Bible." For to Dr. Döllinger the *Faith* is not merely the revelation contained in the written Word of God. The *Faith* to him is an outward development; it is a

palpable organism standing before the world in "the Church." This historical development is to Dr. Döllinger, and, indeed, to all Romanists, another Bible, written not with pen and ink, but graven, in the course of the ages, by the infallible Spirit, with the pen of history. This to a Romanist is the more recent Bible of the two, and, perhaps on that very account, it is to him the more authoritative of the two. It is this infallible rule of faith, the letters and pages of which are the acts and edicts of councils, standing openly before the world, on which Dr. Döllinger takes his stand.

Very well. Dr. Döllinger is bound surely to take that "Rule of Faith" as the ages have produced it. He must take history as a whole or not at all. He cannot sift and analyse it, and say this edict of pope or council is not to be accepted; but this other is, and must go into the rule of faith. This would be to make history for himself; it would be to frame his own rule of faith; in other words, it would be to stand, not on "history," but on criticism; and to adopt the method of free inquiry or the right of private judgment. On the very brink of that dangerous precipice, as Rome accounts it, is Dr. Döllinger, as it appears to us, all the while walking.

The principle of selection, then, cannot be admitted. To the history of the Church as it is—at least, to the close of the Council of Trent—must the appeal be made. And when Dr. Döllinger goes there, he finds many an edict of pope claiming as full a measure of infallible jurisdiction as that in which the Vatican decree invests Pius ix, and he finds, too, the claim endorsed tacitly, or in express terms, by the edicts of councils, and the teaching of the Church. What is the Alt-Catholic leader to do with these passages of history? If he admits them, is not his position condemned by the very standard to which he appeals? And if he shall reject them—and in "Janus" he does reject them—will he not show that he repudiates his own rule, that his cause cannot be risked upon it, and that he cannot fight the Alt-Catholic battle upon history till he has purged and remodelled it?

We can conceive of only one way in which Dr. Döllinger can get rid of these objections. He might reply by saying, "I distinguish: my theory is that the infallible guidance of the Holy Spirit has run down—not in the line of popes, but in the line of Ecumenical Councils." This would enable the Alt-Catholic leader to throw overboard all hostile evidence from papal bulls and from the decrees of councils not ecumenical. But here a new and somewhat formidable difficulty meets him. If ever there was an Ecumenical Council in the world, it was the Vatican Council of 1870. It possessed the elements of ecumenicity in higher degree than any other council in the whole annals of the Papacy. The charges of corruption and coercion brought against the Vatican Council, with the view of invalidating its authority, apply in equal measure to previous councils whose decrees are not called in question. In particular, similar charges, and in equal number, might be culled from the pages of Sarpi and Pallavicini against the Council of Trent, which, nevertheless, Dr. Döllinger grants to be Ecumenical and authoritative. Here, then, we have two councils, that of Trent and that of the Vatican, the latter possessing more evidently all the attributes of ecumenicity than the former; and yet, while the old Catholics reject the one, they stand upon the other. We are

entitled to ask, Why is this? Why do they arrest the historical development of the faith at the sixteenth century? Was the infallible guidance of the Spirit promised to the Church to continue only sixteen hundred years? Was the Spirit to leave the Church, and no longer inspire her councils, the moment the Council of Trent had concluded its sittings? Why does not the Spirit's infallible guidance run down to our day? Why is not the Vatican Council as infallible as that of Trent? We know of no satisfactory answer which can be given to the difficulties which these questions involve.

But although Dr. Döllinger's position is open to all these objections, and is, in fact, inconsistent and illogical, there are times and circumstances in which there is a higher wisdom than mere logic. Dr. Döllinger, we believe, has acted according to his light, and in following it he has been guided by a way he knew not to issues he did not contemplate. Had Dr. Döllinger severed himself from communion with Rome, and formally come out of that Church, we question whether, in the present state of public opinion in Bavaria, a score of persons would have followed him. The movement would have died as soon as it was born. Instead of this, Dr. Döllinger remained in the Church, and took up the position of an Old Catholic Protester, and around him there gathered straightway many thousands of his fellow-citizens, who, like himself, claimed the character of Old Catholic Protesters. Of these men a great many filled offices and discharged functions which were spiritual, no doubt, but which, by the constitution of their country, had certain temporal advantages connected therewith. Rome at once stripped these men of all their spiritual functions and powers, and, by consequence, of all the civil status and emoluments which they held on the ground of their spiritual office. But the Church's excommunication did not stop there; it smote indirectly the lay adherents of the movement, whom the Church placed in the same condemnation with the clerical leaders, and who were also denuded of such of their civil rights as were dependent upon the sacraments of the Church. In short, the whole machinery of the country, as regards baptizings, marriages, and burials, was thrown into confusion. This drew the Government into the quarrel, and that, in our humble judgment, is the better half of the business. The State said to the Church, "Your spiritual sentence may be all orthodox and right; we don't seek to annul it. You are at perfect liberty to declare these men who do not believe the Pope infallible no longer members of your Church, but we cannot permit you to expel them from their chairs, to deprive them of their salaries, and to make void every baptism and marriage they celebrate, in the way of denying the civil effects which the constitution binds up with the performance of these spiritual offices. We shall defend these men in their temporal rights, and though under excommunication by the Church, the law will still recognise their spiritual character, and give civil effect to all they do in that character." This drew the spiritual thunder upon the Governments; and nothing better could have happened. We should have liked to have seen a good thundering bolt flung at Prince Bismarck. We believe it would have been done with hearty good will had it been judged at all expedient, and returned, doubtless, with an equally hearty good will. But enough has been done in this respect to give increased vitality to the movement. Its

ground has been enlarged, and from being a question of a technical kind touching the infallibility, whether it resides exclusively in the bishops or exclusively in the Pope—a strife which would have dragged languidly along, and, in a short while, gone out—it has been elevated into a conflict for civil rights and mental emancipation, and grown into a war which Rome for her own sake had better have avoided. How that war, now fairly commenced, can be stopped, we do not see. Every man who joins the Alt-Catholics, and every new excommunication thundered forth from Rome, is a widening of the breach. The Alt-Catholics cannot make their submission, and the Governments cannot withdraw their protection from them, unless they are prepared to yield up the country to a foreign power. Thus Germany is being turned into a politico-ecclesiastical battle-field. Neither party can permit the controversy to rest where it is at present. The Alt-Catholics must advance if they mean to make good their position against their great enemy. They must discuss and agitate and enlighten the public mind. In conducting this process their views will enlarge, their sympathies will widen, and, perchance, they may even yet adopt a higher doctrinal basis. But though the movement should never grow into a reforming one, of which we have very little hope, it will, beyond peradventure, grow into a strong disruptive force, which will help to break in pieces the iron unity of a power which has weighed so long and so heavily upon the civilisation, the liberty, and the religion of the world.

A MIDLAND TOUR.

BIRMINGHAM.

III.

MUTATIONS OF TRADE.

It is curious to observe the events and circumstances which lead to the establishment of new trades, to the demand for certain articles of manufacture, and to a falling-off in the demand for others. The great glass manufactories of Birmingham owe their origin to a colony of Hungarians and Lorraines, driven from their country in the so-called religious wars of the sixteenth century; while the introduction of the simple shoe-tie abolished the great manufacture of shoe-buckles, now again reviving, under the change of fashion. "Of all the mutations and revolutions which this town has experienced within the last fifty years," wrote one of the Birmingham manufacturers in 1824, "none appear to be so remarkable or extraordinary as those connected with its ancient and apparently invaluable shoe-buckle trade. To those of the inhabitants who remember its vast extent and importance, it seems almost to mock at recollection; and as to the present generation, if the fact was not authenticated while some few of the surviving witnesses remain, it must soon have appeared incredible that at one period there were not fewer than four thousand persons employed in the town and neighbourhood in this article, at that time so much admired, though now neglected and almost unknown. The universality of the demand seemed to bid defiance to the future caprice of fashion; and our daily bread appeared quite as likely to fail in its supply as that orders should totally cease for this elegant and imagined necessary ornament." Some

sixty years ago, more than a thousand people were employed in Birmingham in making engine-cut white metal buttons for the Continental market; but an artist, detained during the French war by Napoleon, gave out that he could produce the button in France, was encouraged to make the attempt, succeeded, and deprived Birmingham of the trade. Our adoption of national penny-postage created a large demand for letter-weighing machines and letter-box plates. The use of crinoline promoted very greatly the manufacture of brass wire guards for drawing-rooms, as well as guards of a commoner kind. The increase of travel by sea and land, and the provisions of Government for the safety of travellers, have had a similar effect on the lamp trade. The general use of bells for doors has increased the manufacture of "tintinnabulators," while it has diminished that of knockers. The manufacture of photograph-cases has become an important trade as photography has advanced. The extension of popular knowledge of the laws of health has caused an immense multiplication of portable baths. But we might go on without end.

SOCIAL CONDITION OF WORKPEOPLE.

The condition of the Birmingham workpeople is, on the whole, very satisfactory, and is, in numerous instances, an object of the most considerate care on the part of their employers. But many females are engaged in workshops, *away from their homes*, in stamping and piercing metal—in button, steel-pen, papier-maché, rope, and other manufactures; in wire-working; in frosting and packing glass, lacquering and wrapping up brasswork, polishing and finishing metal wares, etc. Hence the younger females become unfitted for domestic life; while the houses of the married women are neglected, their husbands often driven to the beershop, and very many of their children die. A very good feeling, however, exists between masters and workpeople, while order and discipline appear admirably maintained. Let us give an example. One manufactory, the Messrs. Winfield's—which if not the very largest in Birmingham is certainly among the largest, and which has the additional interest that it stands on the very spot (laid waste by the Priestly riots) formerly occupied by Baskerville's printing-office, and where Baskerville himself was buried,—combines many different branches of metal manufacture, being, indeed, a little world in itself, filled with hundreds of skilful artificers, and having, moreover, an excellent school for the children of the workpeople attached to it. The schoolroom was specially erected by Messrs. Winfield for the educational advantage of their *employés*, is opened three evenings a week, is not only well supplied with books, maps, diagrams, etc., but also furnished with an organ, which is used whenever the school is commenced or closed; and lectures are frequently given to the people on interesting subjects by members of the firm, under whose auspices a sick and burial club is also connected with the establishment. On the visit of the Royal Commissioners and other officers of the Great Exhibition of 1851 to the Midland metropolis, after being conducted round Messrs. Winfield's manufactory they were taken to the schoolroom, and at the ringing of a bell the workers, male and female, came flocking in, in their paper caps, upturned sleeves and aprons, and gave

the visitors a vocal performance, which was followed by a speech from the foreman, requesting Lord Granville to receive an address that had been prepared by the people of the establishment for presentation to Prince Albert.

But all is not quite so pleasing. Intemperance, we fear, is far from uncommon; the public-houses are numerous. Yet the social state of the people generally appears to be good. Food is plentiful. They have comfortable dwellings, free from the crowding so usual in many towns; those erected through the agency of land and building societies (of which there are many) very often belong to the occupiers, are rarely inhabited by more than one family, and have gardens and other conveniences attached to them. There are probably nine or ten thousand such houses in and around Birmingham. Trades unions are few, and though strikes sometimes happen, they are seldom serious; large amounts are invested in the savings banks, and sick and provident associations abound. A most important association, the Society of Artisans, having for its object mutual improvement, the study of the various systems of industry in this and other countries, and free instruction in Science and Art, under certificated teachers, to all willing to attend, has recently been established. Even among the poorest, crime is comparatively rare. And the motto of Birmingham is, "Forward."

AMUSEMENTS.

As to the amusements of the people, the once popular sports of bull-baiting and cock-fighting are eschewed, but they have out-of-door and in-door recreations in abundance. In the shorter intervals of business and in the working man's own home, the book and the newspaper—there are *eight* Birmingham newspapers—are much resorted to by the higher classes of artisans. And music is a favourite pursuit. We are sorry, however, to find that the "cheap," or "working men's," concerts no longer take place in the Town Hall weekly as heretofore; and further, to learn, on inquiry, that they have been given up for want of sufficient support, which, it seems, is due to the counter attractions of the music-halls. In the dinner-hour and evening the public reading-rooms swarm with mechanics, who may there turn over at pleasure all the leading periodicals of the day, from the "Philosophical Transactions" to "Punch" or the "Leisure Hour." It is pleasant to reflect with how many of the best thoughts of our great writers the Birmingham artisans and their households are familiar, though the resources of the Midland Institute are by no means overtaxed. The total number of books issued from the Free Lending Libraries in 1869 was 300,031, and the statistics of the character of the books issued, says the "Birmingham Guide," illustrate the courage and perseverance of many of our artisans—Euclid, Homer, and works in mathematics and moral philosophy, as well as in history and travel, being well in demand with them. The daily average of works issued in the Reference Library of the Midland Institute in that year was 414. One room of the Institute—"The Tercentenary Memorial Shakespeare Library"—is entirely devoted to the works of the Bard of Avon, and books, etc., relating thereto. The collection in 1870 contained 2,249 volumes, including 125 editions of the works of Shakespeare in English (820 vols.), twelve editions in German (120

vols.), five editions in French (37 vols.), and editions in Italian, Swedish, Danish, Polish, and Bohemian; besides many copies of separate plays, and an extensive collection of Shakespeariana in various languages. Birmingham is the only place in the world which has a whole public library of works of, and connected with, Shakespeare! The Institute Museum is also well resorted to. A Natural History and Microscopical, and an Archæological Society, which has its occasional excursions, are, moreover, associated with the Institute. The Society of Artists have an exhibition which is open annually for several months. In the Autumn Exhibition of 1870 there were 664 pictures. Then there is a Botanical Garden, and several public Parks (one of which, Aston Park, has been purchased chiefly by the people themselves, and no other town in the kingdom has such a baronial estate for the use of its inhabitants); and there are periodical fruit and flower shows; with other means of wholesome out-of-door recreation, including frequent excursions by rail (which the Saturday half-holiday, generally observed, and the many spots of great interest near at hand, greatly favour); and for the autumnal and winter evenings most admirable courses of lectures at the Midland Institute. There is also a Shakespearian Reading Improvement Association, an Amateur Dramatic Association, an Amateur Harmonic Association, a Philharmonic Society, an Amateur Musical Union, a Flute Society, a Chess Club, etc. To these we may add the volunteer parades, marches, and exercises. The Birmingham Rifle Battalion numbers more than 1,000 members.

Nor must we forget the cattle and poultry shows, horse shows, and dog shows, for which, as well as for her manufactures, Birmingham is rapidly becoming famous; its central position amid the breeding and grazing counties of England having given the lead to its Agricultural Association in the exhibitions of stock. The show of Herefords is especially noteworthy, the districts around Birmingham having a great partiality for this kind, fine herds of which are kept up by several great landlords. The Leicester sheep appear generally to be the finest, while in pigs the Midland Counties seem to excel. Birmingham was the first to offer us an exhibition of domestic poultry—it gives us the best we have, setting the fashions to the poultry-yards and pigeon-cotes of England—a show doubtless of great national utility, greatly increasing the weight of the birds for table. And here we are reminded of the splendid fish which are transported to this Midland capital from all parts of the surrounding seas, to the (average) extent of *a hundred tons daily*,—a wonder of trade, and an attractive though familiar spectacle. The horse show, too,—consisting of hunters, hacks, harness horses, and ponies—is of considerable interest, and of more than provincial importance. And the dog shows, which were among the first of that kind in England, having been commenced in 1859, are wonderful illustrations of variety of species.

We must add a word or two about the Midland Institute, which, as we have said before, is a place of study as well as recreation. The foundation-stone was laid by Albert the Good, 22nd November, 1855. Its reading-room adjoins its museum, and its lecture-room its gallery of art; its library is side by side with its laboratory, and all are equally accessible. It is supported by a penny rate under the Public Libraries Act. "The Institute has founded a school

of design, and produced artists who have competed with those of France and Italy in drawing and modelling, and have already greatly enhanced the beauty of Birmingham manufactures." In 1869 there were more than 1,000 students attending this school, of whom nearly half were citizens and 200 were females. And "your Institution," said the late president, Mr. Charles Dickens, in his address to the members the year before his death—"your Institution, in which masters* and workmen study together, has outgrown the ample edifice in which it receives its 2,500 or 2,600 members and students. It is a most cheering sign of its vigorous vitality that of its industrial students almost half are artisans in the receipt of weekly wages. I think I am correct in saying that 400 others are clerks, apprentices, tradesmen, or tradesmen's sons. I note with particular pleasure the adherence of a goodly number of the gentler sex, without whom no institution whatever can truly lay claim to be either a civilising or a civilised one." He went on to speak of the establishment of what are called its "Penny Classes," a bold and (he observed) "I am happy to say a triumphantly successful experiment, which enables the artisan to obtain sound evening instruction in subjects directly bearing upon his daily usefulness, or on his daily happiness, as arithmetic (elementary and advanced), chemistry, physical geography, and singing, on payment of the astoundingly low fee of a single penny every time he attends the class. I beg emphatically to say," he added, "that I look upon this as one of the most remarkable schemes ever devised for the educational behoof of the artisan." An Industrial Art Museum illustrating the manufactures of the world at large, and of Birmingham in particular, is about to be established in the Institute, which will be another valuable means of instruction and enjoyment.

SUNDAY IN BIRMINGHAM.

The men of Birmingham respect the Sabbath. I have elsewhere† endeavoured to describe a "Sunday in Birmingham." As may be supposed, from the strong common sense, busy mind, and benevolent heart of the people, it is a day of rest, but not of idleness. There is morning and evening worship, and in some cases there are afternoon services in the churches and chapels, which are about 180 in number. Some 40,000 children, under several thousand teachers, receive instruction in the Sunday schools. There are many Birmingham societies for foreign missions; but the "home heathen" are also cared for; and the Birmingham people have a town mission, and a special service for the vagrant and the outcast. And the work of charity goes on on Sundays; there is, perhaps, no more pleasing sight than to see in this great workshop the weekly pause of its living machinery, and then the busy manufacturer and cunning artificer, who have first gathered their own households around them for family worship and converse, going out from their homes to instruct the ignorant and cheer the afflicted. On the whole, Sunday is well observed in Birmingham, and though there are many sects and many opinions, Protestant evangelical truth prevails in the churches, and the gospel triumphs over unbelief.

* Kohl, the German traveller, has shown that a Birmingham manufacturer needs a great variety of geographical and ethnographical knowledge.

† The "Sunday at Home" for July, 1871.